



THE THEATRE OF NEPTUNE
IN NEW FRANCE

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PERFORMANCE OF THE THEATRE OF NEPTUNE, PORT ROYAL, NOVEMBER 14, 1606

THE THEATRE OF NEPTUNE IN NEW FRANCE

Presented upon the waves of PORT ROYAL the fourteenth
day of November, sixteen hundred and six, on the return
of the *Sieur de Poutrincourt* from the ARMOUCHIQUOIS
COUNTRY

By
MARC LESCARBOT
The French Text

With Translation by
HARRIETTE TABER RICHARDSON



BOSTON

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NOTE

It is singular that there has been no previous translation of the 'Theatre of Neptune,' by Marc Lescarbot, the pioneer dramatic performance in northern North America.

The masque itself is an incident in the early history of European settlement in the New World that appeals to the heart and the imagination, and it is well that the record of it, and the play itself, should be set forth in English dress and convenient form for the benefit of those whose mother tongue is English.

The Historical Association of Annapolis Royal undertook this work and appointed a Committee that brought its labors to a successful issue on August 2, 1926, when the company gathered for the celebration made an afternoon visit to the scene of the play and in the evening a commemorative tablet was unveiled by the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Honorable J. C. Tory.

To the many friends who have helped in recalling the moment when Marc Lescarbot 'lived joyously' in the Habitation, to Professor William P. Trent, to Dr. Marion Tucker and Dr. Arthur Hobson Quinn, to Mr. Grant Mitchell and Professor George P. Baker, to Mr. George H. Gifford and to Mr. William C. Lane, Mr. Walter B. Briggs, and Mr. George P. Winship of the Harvard College Library, and especially to Mrs. Frederick A. Richardson, whose translation of Lescarbot's masque now introduces him to a wider circle of English-speaking readers, the Association is sincerely grateful.

L. M. FORTIER

Chairman of the

Commemoration Committee

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

NOVA SCOTIA

April, 1927



CAIRN MARKING THE SITE OF THE FIRST STRONGHOLD OF PORT
ROYAL

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Except as otherwise noted the facsimiles are from material in the
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INTRODUCTION

THE first drama given on the American continent, north of the Spanish settlements, was a masque, written and staged at Port Royal, Acadia, New France, in the year 1606. When Marc Lescarbot, a young lawyer of Paris, hastily took his pen in the wooden stronghold of the 'Habitation' and wrote 'The Theatre of Neptune,' he became the leading dramatist on the continent. Captain Far Fán was his only known rival, and his serio-comic production had been given eight years before on the bank of the Rio Grande.

This gay piece of courtly fun welcomed Jean de Bien-court, Sieur de Poutrincourt, leader of the second expedition sent to Acadia by Sieur de Monts, as he returned, disappointed, from a voyage down the coast to Port Fortuné searching a warmer site for settlement. Press notices of the event are still extant in 'The History of New France' and in the 'Voyages' of Champlain. There were no critics and there is no record of a second performance.

The masque was set in the open air among the wavering lines of autumn hills that enclose the wide waters of the royal harbor and the action took place upon the waves and upon the frozen riverbank before the newly decorated entrance to the Habitation, a frail wooden fort, lone neighbor to unfriendly Florida. In the roadstead sheltered by its firred island lay anchored the two-masted barque, built at Port Royal, whose broken rudder had delayed the return of the exploring party.

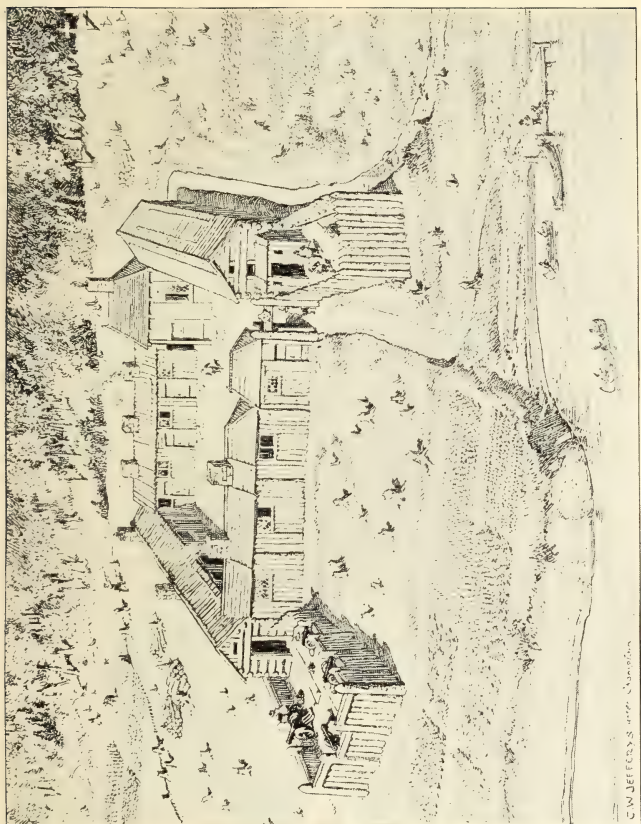
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The players in the performance were certain gentlemen and 'common men' of the expedition left at the Habitation for '2 shillings a day hire' in charge of Lescarbot during September and October. These men, together with the surprised voyageurs, completed the company.

As Sieur de Poutrincourt and his party prepared to land in the shallop, they saw advancing toward them the great god Neptune, royally robed, bearing the symbols of his power and attended by six noble Tritons. To the rear trailed more humble beings, four supposed savages in canoes bearing gifts. On the shore, directing his company, stood the playwright, his kitchen savory with the feast to come, his cannoniers with fuses primed and ready, his heraldic shields emblazoned upon wall and gate.

Seated in the shallop was Charles de Biencourt, eldest son of his father, a mere lad, of 'great integrity and very estimable qualities,' well versed in sea ways and four years later to be created Admiral of the High Seas of New France.

Over the sides of the barque into the shallop came Master Stephen, the surgeon. The beneficent art of this surgeon, whose lack of ointments had hastened the return of the seafarers, was apparent upon the persons of three people, one of whom, Robert Pontgravé, son of the fearless navigator, carried his hand bound in a sling with three fingers missing through an inadvertent musket shot. Bandaged also was Jean du Val, locksmith, of unique reputation, 'pierced by an arrow in the breast and sore wounded' as the result of his love of freshly baked biscuits at Port Fortuné. 'Better had it been for him that he had died of his wounds,' narrates the history, 'than to have lived to be hanged,' which unhappy end took place in
Quebec



FIRST STRONGHOLD, OR HABITATION, OF PORT ROYAL, 1605-1613

Quebec, where du Val holds the unique reputation of being the first white man to undergo this experience in New France. In the young man dying from his wounds and whose name Lescarbot has withheld through kindness since his disobedience cost his life, the busy Master Stephen had his third patient.

With this party was uneven-tempered Pierre Augibaut, called Champdoré, pilot of the barque, obstinate and skilful, and at his side was the worthy apothecary, Louis Hebert, first cultivator of the soil in Quebec, who for the moment was bemoaning a bundle of precious grapevines that he had gathered and had left at Port Fortuné. In the background was the valet, Estienne, whose negligence in the loss of these grape roots had brought him a brave beating from his master. Here came Daniel Hay, the lusty carpenter, a man who 'pleasured in the dangers of the deep sea,' and towering among his companions in accomplishment was Samuel Champlain of Brouage, brusque, practical, strong in his youth, and cherishing his newly made map, the future organizer of all that was stable in French possessions. These were the men safely arrived from the country of the Armouchiquois watching the lordly Neptune and his followers approach.

In the pages of the two historians present are named other men whose parts in the play are unknown: they were Ralleau, the active and forever traveling secretary to de Monts; Le Fèvre of Retel, who never had left his cabin the long voyage over until he scaled the mast when land was sighted; and Foulgeré de Vitri, of whom little is spoken; Sieur de Boulet, years later to become the brother-in-law of Champlain, and who is tersely described as having
suffered

suffered greatly from fever at the Habitation and 'to have taken excellent care of himself.' La Taille and Micquelet were among this group, two men of unusual bravery, since alone they had guarded the Habitation buildings during the early summer.

Somewhat as chorus, perhaps as an astonished audience, uncomprehending yet amused, gathered the people of the ancient chief Membertou who in this century year of his life beheld new things. That the playwright sensed a larger and more fashionable interest across the sea in the Palace of the Louvre and that he wrote his slight verses to please the eye of Henry the Fourth, the masque itself gives internal evidence.

Present, in spirit, were the honorable merchants Macquin and George, partners of de Monts, living in Rochelle. Their generosity had bestowed upon the colony forty-five hogsheads of wine, which 'did not come amiss and caused certain of the company to make gay dogs of themselves.'

By trumpet, by cannon shot, and with song and speech the playful welcome was given, and this first drama on the seaboard was played.

Three years after the entertainment at Port Royal in 1609, the first edition of 'The Theatre of Neptune' was printed in Paris and sold by Jean Millot 'at the steps of the great hall of the Palace.' The verses are to be found in the thin volume entitled 'The Muses of New France,' and the twelve remaining poems of the little book sketch vivid descriptions of the New World and of the persons and episodes in the great adventure. The original edition of the 'Muses' and those following are bound into the small vellum cover with the larger work of the author, 'The
History

History of New France.' The two final printings in 1617 and 1618 were brought out by the house of Adrian Perrier. In all, five editions of the 'History' and 'Muses' appeared in a span of nine years while Lescarbot lived and enjoyed their popularity.

In the final editions the 'History' was edited and enlarged and slight verbal changes were made in the *Masque*. So keen was the interest of the public that the chapters dealing with the history of Port Royal were done into English by Pierre Erondelle, a Huguenot refugee teaching French in London. His quaintly charming version, shorn of the vanities of verse and published in the same year as the first edition in Paris, was in all probability considered carefully by the Pilgrims of Plymouth.

Since the day of Lescarbot the *Masque* has reappeared twice. Edwin Tross, in Paris, 1866, reprinted the edition of 1612 familiar to Parkman, and in 1914 The Champlain Society of Toronto, Canada, edited by Grant and Biggar, published a fine translation of 'The History of New France,' together with full notes on the life and works of Lescarbot in which, however, the 'Muses' remained in their original French. Historians have noted freely the verses and have described variously this picturesque ceremony.

While 'The History of New France' was dedicated to Henry of Navarre, to the Queen and to the Dauphin, the 'Muses' were placed under the care of Monseigneur Nicolas Brulart, Seigneur of Sillery, Chancellor of France and of Navarre. In the dedication Lescarbot writes: 'The Muses of New France, having passed over from another world, this day appear before you in the hope of receiving protection

protection from you, who are father of those who live upon the Parnassus of our France. . . . If they are poorly clothed and in rustic garments, consider, Monseigneur, the country from which they come, uncultivated, shaggy with forests, and attribute to the company they have kept and to the sea, their defects.'

The Masque consists of verses spoken by Neptune, his Tritons, and the attending savages in praise of the valor of France in her sea discovery, the debt France owes to her sailor men, the courage of de Monts, and of de Poutrincourt, and the great qualities of the King. With one eye upon the distant Henri of Navarre the fifth Triton makes his mischievous jokes in Gascon, and in the same spirit of play the fourth Indian gives up allegiance to his unrewarding goddess, Diana. The rhythm of the verse is partially in Alexandrines, yet variously changes with each speaker, showing a wide knowledge of the literature of his day at command of the author. Into the play is set a chant, or song, a sad little air of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, the prayer to Neptune, used by Lescarbot as contrast to his playfulness and sung more than once in all probability on the riverbank to voice the homesickness of the wanderers. Slight as is the literary value of this earliest drama, the clean gayety of the Masque, written far from every civilizing influence, is a rare tribute to the gentlemen of Port Royal and to their polished courage.

It is impossible to read the Masque and not become aware that the moment from which it sprung is one of the finest in the history of the seaboard settlements. Three men, each possessing genius, lived together a few brief months, Jean de Biencourt, Sieur de Poutrincourt, nobleman

LES MVSES
DE LA NOUVELLE
FRANCE.

A MONSEIGNEUR
LE CHANCELLIER.

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca nullius antè
Trita solo ----*



A PARIS

Chez JEAN MILLOT, sur les degrez de
la grand' salle du Palais.

M. D. C. IX.

Avec privilege du Roy.

man and soldier, Samuel Champlain, explorer and geographer, and Marc Lescarbot, lawyer and historian. They worked untiringly, they played heartily, and the echoes of their good cheer linger.

Upon the interplay of these personalities, and their destiny formed by the desire of France to found a company similar to the great India company in Holland and to harvest in New France the riches of the beaver skins, to colonise, and to baptise in the name of Christ, the background of the Masque is woven.

Marc Lesbarcot was born in Vervins, France, about 1570 or 1575. The exact years of his birth and death are unknown. His family was of the lesser nobility of Picardie as his seat as Advocate in Parliament, later, signifies. He came to the notice of King Henry the Great in the year before his degree was granted, when chosen by his townmen at the magnificent conference of the Peace of Vervins, he delivered his stirring oration in Latin, later printed, 'A Thanksgiving for Peace,' given before the Papal Delegate at the signing of the papers, May 31, 1598. At this time France and Spain, after nine years of destructive conflict, became friends.

Such disinterested enthusiasm was characteristic of the future man. His observant and practical comprehension of affairs and his imaginative vision led him to publish notable articles and verse of unusual range during the thirty-one years in which he is actively in print. Each production is stamped with an alert curiosity of mind, solid learning and vivacity of spirit. In the Easter vacation of 1608, he began his History of New France in Paris and had finished his manuscript by the autumn. He occupied for many years,
the

the position of Commissaire de Marine and in 1612 went with Pierre de Castille, Ambassador of Louis XIII to Switzerland. He was again in France two years later. In 1619 Lescarbot married in the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois Mademoiselle Françoise de Valpergue and took the title of Wiencourt and Saint-Audebert. No children are known to have been born to them.

After his treatise on 'The Victory of the King against the English' at the siege of New Rochelle in 1629, he is silent and is thought to have died on his estate in 1634.

Impetuously in Easter week, 1606, Lescarbot left Paris to sail with his friend and client de Poutrincourt to the New World. In a letter to his mother, printed together with the verse 'A Farewell to France,' at Rochelle, April, 1606, he asks pardon for leaving her without farewell and tells her that she may perchance find his hasty departure on this unique adventure strange, 'undertaken more from the compelling courage of youth than from oversight or from disobedience.' He adds that he goes 'with the desire to carry the faith of Christ and the name of France among the barbarous people destitute of the knowledge of God.' To the fulfillment of this wish he was faithful, becoming through the death of the priest, the sole religious teacher at the Habitation.

As shown by his writings, Marc Lescarbot was a man of slight bodily force, yet full of nerve, a fine integrity and with understanding of his fellowmen. His interpretation of the Indians of his day is singularly fair, his description of new flora and new customs is exact. He was gay in the face of despondency and somewhat of a poet, and his impulsiveness and little vanities sit pleasantly upon him.

Such

Such a man, probably near his thirtieth year, offered his welcome to honor Sieur de Poutrincourt on the noon of a chilly autumn day.

The man whom the 'Theatre of Neptune' honored was Jean de Biencourt, Sieur de Poutrincourt, Marsilly-sur-Seine, Dumensil, Chantenes Vimeu and Guibermensil, Baron of Saint-Just and Port Royal, and Chevalier of the Order of the King. Sprung from a lineage, the most ancient in France, his ancestors for generations had been the friends of its kings, his sister Jeanne was maid of honor to Mary Stuart, and de Poutrincourt himself had become a personal friend of Henry the Fourth, and one whose loyalty was warmly recognised. To this Catholic gentleman of Picardie the undefined domain of Port Royal had been confirmed during the preceding year and here in this chosen place, he held steadfast his desire to open the New World and to settle his wife Claudine Pageot and his family, in peace, in the exquisite country that from his day to this is better described as Arcadia than as Acadie. In this hope, for which he gave his fortune, he was disappointed. He died fighting for Louis XIII at Méry-sur-Seine in his fifty-ninth year.

To Sieur de Poutrincourt, his courage, sagacity, and leadership through a series of years, is due the final establishment of New France. Upon his activity and determination the colony was kept alive until the organization of Champlain built Quebec. As Lescarbot says of the expedition on the 'large' ship Jonas of 150 tons, flying the white banner of the king 'the hope of New France was assembled.'

The 'Theatre of Neptune' was given for the entertainment of men whose courage was out of the ordinary, whose
remembrance

remembrance of thirty-five dead from scurvy across the bay at Saint-Croix was keen as November cold settled upon them. The imagination of Lescarbot looks forward as he closes the introduction to 'The Muses' — 'Yet, if it comes to pass, monseigneur, that by your favor, assistance and support there should come a day among the mountains and the brooks that run from them in Port Royal that they, the Muses, should have the power to grow more gentle and should answer in more polished language to the music of Apollo. . . . Then, in their songs let them remember the kindness of him who having been honored by his king and his country and by all Christianity would still hold it not below the dignity of a Chancellor of France that he should aid the establishment of the Muses of New France across the sea and further west, for the conversion of the unbelieving peoples.'

In the three hundred and more years since the Masque was written the name of the country has changed. The site of the Habitation in Port Royal, Acadia, is to-day Lower Granville, Nova Scotia, and Port Fortuné, in the country of the Armouchiquois, most truly called Port Misfortune, is Stage Harbor, Chatham, Cape Cod. Six miles to the north of Lower Granville on the arm of land where Sieur de Poutrincourt tilled his first wheat fields stands the beautiful town of Annapolis Royal, bearing a portion of the name inherited after the Habitation was destroyed and the more protected site chosen in 1632. On Allen's Creek, where de Poutrincourt erected his grain-mill, live the descendants of the friendly Souriquois, the present Micmac Indians, who still keep the name of Membertou in faithful remembrance. Among the balsam woods leading toward the 'troutery' of Champlain are
traces



CHURCH OF ST.-GERMAIN-L'AUXERROIS
Where Marc Lescarbot was married, September 3, 1619

traces of the allees, the pleasure walks, of de Poutrincourt, Champlain and Marc Lescarbot. On the river-bank where the Habitation overlooked the island, stands a cairn placed in 1924, commemorating the settlement and the 'Order of Good Cheer' inaugurated by Champlain in the festive winter following the presentation of the Masque.

In August, 1926, at the summer meeting of the Historical Association of Annapolis Royal, a tablet in honor of 'The Theatre of Neptune' was unveiled. It was through the activity of the members of the Association and the interest of L. M. Fortier, Honorary Curator of the Fort Anne Museum that the translation of the Masque was prepared.

The translation follows the text of the edition of 1609. The music of the song is added through the courtesy of Mr. Marius Barbeau of Ottawa; the form of Lescarbot's song is so nearly that of 'La Petite Galiotte de France' sung to-day that it seems probable that it was sung to the same music.

Another incident equally interesting in the rebuilding of the play has been the discovery in the Boston Public Library of an autograph and a Sonnet inscribed by Lescarbot on the fly leaf of his verses, 'Le tableau de la Suisse' and apparently presented by him to a friend.

These comments on the 'Theatre of Neptune' were penned in the Habitation. In his *Voyages* — Edition of 1613, Champlain notes, 'Upon our arrival, Lescarbot, who had remained at the settlement along with the others who had stayed there, welcomed us with sundry jollities for our entertainment.'¹ Lescarbot writes,

After

¹ H. B. Biggar. *Voyages of Samuel Champlain*.

‘After many perils (which I will not compare to them of Ulysses, nor of Æneas, fearing to defile our holy voyages with prophane impurity) Monsieur De Poutrincourt arrived in Port Royall the 14. day of Nouember, where we received him joyfully, and with a solemnity altogether new in that part. For about the time that we expected his returne (with great desire, and that so much the more, that if any harme had happened him, we had beene in danger to have confusion among our selves) I aduised my selfe to shew some jollity going to meet him, as we did. And for as much as it was in French verses made in haste, I have placed them with the Muses of Nova Francia by the title of Neptunes Theater, whereunto I refer the Reader.’¹

HARRIETTE TABER RICHARDSON

April 21, 1927

¹ Pierre Erondelle.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

NEPTUNE, The Sea God

FIRST TRITON

SECOND TRITON

THIRD TRITON

FOURTH TRITON

FIFTH TRITON, A Gascon

SIXTH TRITON

Four Savages

The Gay Companion

JEAN DE BIENCOURT, Sieur de Poutrincourt

Gentlemen

Sailors

Trumpeters

Surgeons

Laborers

Cooks

Savages

Place

Before the Habitation in the Harbor of Port Royal,
Acadia, New France

Scene

On the waves of Port Royal Harbor
In the shallop and canoe
At the landing place before the Habitation

Time

In the reign of Henri of Navarre

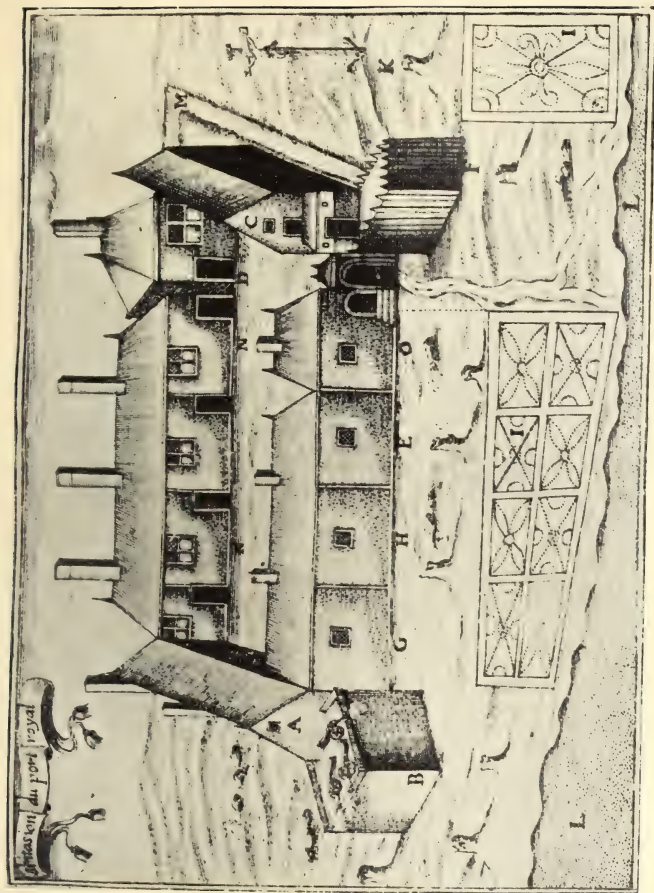
Explorers

Explorers arriving in the shallop from PORT FORTUNÉ¹
 JEAN DE BIENCOURT, Sieur de Poutrincourt, Baron St.
 Just, de Marsilly-sur-Seine, de Guibermensil, Chantenes,
 Dumensil, Vimeu, Baron of Saint-Just and Port Royal,
 Chevalier of the Order of the King
 CHARLES DE BIENCOURT, fifteen or sixteen years of age,
 son of de Poutrincourt
 SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN of Brouage, Royal Geographer
 ROBERT DU PONT, son of Pontgravé
 PIERRE AUGIBAUT, called Champdoré, pilot
 LOUIS HEBERT, the worthy apothecary
 DANIEL HAY, carpenter
 MASTER STEPHEN, surgeon
 JEAN DU VAL, locksmith
 ESTIENNE, valet to de Poutrincourt
 A dying man, unnamed

Present as audience or possibly as actors on the shore
 were:

RALLEAU, secretary to Sieur des Monts	
SIEUR DE BOULLET, future brother-in-law to CHAMPLAIN	
FOLGERÉ DE VITRÍ	} Noblemen
LE FÉVRE of Retel	
DE NOYES	
FRANÇOIS ARDAMIN, provider of birds and game for the household	
LA TAILLE	
MICQUELET	
MEMBERTOU, Sagamos of Souriquois, his family and people	

¹ These names are gathered from Lescarbot's *History of New France* and Champlain's *Voyages*, especially the edition of 1613 of the latter.



CHAMPLAIN'S FIGURE OF THE HABITATION OF PORT ROYAL

LE THEATRE DE NEPTUNE EN LA
NOVVELLE-FRANCE

*Cherchant dessus Neptune un repos sans repos
J'ay façonné ces vers au branle de ses flots.*

LE THEATRE DE NEPTVNE EN LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE

Representé sur les flots du Port Royal le quatorzième de Novembre mille six cents six, au retour du Sieur de Poutrincourt du païs des Armouchiquois.

Neptune commence revetu d'un voile de couleur bleuë, & de brodequins, ayant la chevelure & la barbe longues & chenuës, tenant son Trident en main, assis sur son chariot paré de ses couleurs: ledit chariot trainé sur les ondes par six Tritons jusques à l'abord de la chaloupe où s'estoit mis ledit Sieur de Poutrincourt & ses gens sortant de la barque pour venir à terre. Lors ladite chaloupe accrochée, Neptune commence ainsi.

NEPTVNE

ARRETE, Sagamos,* arrête toy ici,
Et écoutes † vn Dieu qui a de toy souci,
Si tu ne me conois, Saturne fut mon pere,
Je suis de Iupiter & de Pluton le frere.
Entre nous trois jadis fut parti l'Vnivers,
Iupiter eut le ciel, Pluton eut les enfers,
Et moy plus hazardeux eu la mer en partage,
Et le gouvernement de ce moite heritage.
Neptune c'est mō nom, Neptune l'un des Dieux
Qui a plus de pouvoir souz la voute des cieux.
Si l'homme veut avoir vne heureuse fortune
Il lui faut implorer le secours de Neptune.
Car celui qui chez soy demeure cazanier
Merite seulement le nom de cuisinier.
Je fay que le Flamen en peu de temps chemine

Aussi-tot

* C'est vn mot de Sauvage, qui signifie Capitaine.

† [Regardes. Edition of 1612-1618].

*Aussi-tot que le vent iusques dedans la Chine.
 Je fay que l'homme peut, porté dessus mes eaux,
 D'un autre pole voir les inconeuz flambeaux,
 Et les bornes franchir de la Zone torride,
 Où bouillonnent les flots de l'element liquide.
 Sans moy le Roy François * d'un superbe elephant
 N'eust du Persan receu le present triomphant:
 Et encores sans moy onc les François gendarmes
 Es terre du Levant n'eussent planté † leurs armes.
 Sans moy le Portugais hazardeux sur mes flots
 Sans renom croupiroit dans ses rives enclos,
 Et n'auroit enlevé les beautez de l'Aurore
 Que le monde insensé folatrement adore.
 Bref sans moy le marchant, pilote, marinier
 Seroit en sa maison comme dans vn panier
 Sans à peine pouvoir sortir de sa province.
 Vn Prince ne pourroit secourir l'autre Prince
 Que j'auroy separé de mes profondes eaux.
 Et toy-même sans moy apres tant d'actes beaux
 Que tu as exploité en la Françoisse guerre,
 N'eusses eu le plaisir d'aborder cette terre.
 C'est moy qui sur mon dos ay tes vaisseaux porté
 Quand de me visiter tu as eu volonté.
 Et nagueres encor c'est moy qui de la Parque
 Ay cent fois garenti toy, les tiens, & ta barque.
 Ainsi ie veux toujours seconder tes desseins,
 Ainsi ie ne veux point que tes effortz soient vains,
 Puis que si constamment tu as en le courage*

De

* Charlemagne [Editions of 1612-1618].

† [Porté in Edition of 1618.]

1771
Considère D'Escur Marizgal
général d'armes général de l'armée
de France

SONNET

D'Escur l'œil du Roy, qui voit toute la France;
Qui es ferois les deshoirs, et les vains, et les monts.
Les fleuves et ruisseaux, et les mares profondes
Et les endroits qui ont de pastures abondantes.

Les lieux forts, et les lieux qui ne font cy de foy,
Villars, bourgs, et castaux, et les gars, et les ponts,
Pour conduire où il faut bagages et canons,
Et leur armée aussi guide cy assurant.

Je te présente ici mon Tableau des Cantons
Des Suisses et voisins Vallois et Giffons.
Et des monts fariniers de Lorraine encores.

Mais ie n'ay, comme toy, aucun appointement
De me servir guerrier que par esprit d'honneur.
Et pourcoi ne fust-ce le faire instrument.

L'Escur 1677

*De venir de si loin rechercher ce rivage,
Pour établir ici un Royaume François,
Et y faire garder mes statuts & mes loix.*

*Par mon sacré Trident, par mon sceptre ie jure
Que de favoriser ton projet i'auray cure,
Et oncques ie n'auray en moy-même repos
Qu'en tout cet environ ie ne voye mes flots
A hanner souz le faix de dix milles navires
Qui facent d'un clin d'oeil tout ce que tu desires.*

*Va donc heureusement, & poursui ton chemin
Où le sort te conduit: car ie voy le destin
Preparer à la France un florissant Empire
En ce monde nouveau, qui bien loin fera bruire
Le renom immortel de De Monts & de toy
Souz le regne puissant de HENRY vôtre Roy.*

*Neptune ayant achevé, une trompette commence à éclater
hautement & encourager les Tritons à faire de même. Ce
pendant le fleur de Poutrincourt tenoit son épée* en main,
laquelle il ne remit point au fourreau jusques à ce que les
Tritons eurent prononcé comme s'ensuit.*

PREMIER TRITON

*Tu peux (gr~d Sagamos) tu peux te dire heureux
Puis qu'un Dieu te promet favorable assistance
En l'affaire important que d'un coeur vigoureux
Hardi tu entreprends, forçant la violence
D'Aeole, qui toujours inconstant & leger,*

Tantot

* [Nuë inserted in Edition of 1618.]

† Mot de Sauvage, qui signifie Ami.

*Tantot adesquidés,† tantot poussé d'envie,
Veut te precipiter, & les tiens, au danger.*

*Neptune est vn grand Dieu, qui cette ialousie
Fera comme fumée en l'air évanouïr:
Et nous ses postillons, malgré l'effort d'Aeole
Férons en toutes parts de ton courage ouïr
Le renom, qui desja en toutes terres vole.*

DEVXIEME TRITON

*Si Iupiter est Roy és cieux
Pour gouverner ça bas les hommes,
Neptune aussi l'est en ces lieux
Pour même effect; & nous qui sommes,
Ses supposts, avons grand desir
De voir le temps la iournée
Qu'ayes de tes travaux plaisir
Après ta course terminée,
Afin qu'en ces côtes ici
Bien-tot retentisse la gloire
Du puissant Neptune: & qu'ainsi
Tu eternises ta memoire.*

TROISEME TRITON

*France, tu as occasion
De louer la devotion
De tes enfans dont le courage
Se montre plus grand en cet âge
Qu'il ne fit onc és siecles vieux,
Estans ardemment curieux*

*De faire eclater tes loüanges
Iusques aux peuples plus etranges,
Et graver ton los immortel
Même souz ce monde mortel.*

*Aide doncques & favorise
Vne si loüable entreprise,
Neptune s'offre à ton secours
Qui les tiens maintiendra toujours
Contre toute l'humaine force,
Si quelqu'un contre toy s'efforce.
'Il ne faut jamais rejeter
'Le bien qu'un Dieu nous veut preter.*

QVATRIEME TRITON

*Celui qui point ne se hazarde
Montre qu'il a l'ame coüarde,
Mais celui qui d'un brave coeur
Meprise des flots la fureur
Pour un sujet rempli de gloire
Fait à chacun aisément croire
Que de courage & de vertu
Il est tout ceint & revetu,
Et qu'il ne veut que le silence
Tienne son nom en oubliance.*

*Ainsi ton nom (grand Sagamos)
Retentira dessus les flots
D'or-en-avant, quand dessus l'onde
Tu decouvres ce nouveau monde,
Et y plantes le nom François,
Et la Majesté de tes Rois.*

CINQVIEME TRITON

Vn Gascon prononça ces vers à peu près en sa langue.*

*Sabets aquo que volio dire,
Aqueste Neptune bieillart
L'autre jou faisio del bragart,
Et comme vn bergalant se miro.
N'agaires que faisio l'amou,
Et baisavo vne jeune hillo
Qu'ero plan polide & gentillo,
Et la cerquavo quadejou.*

*Bezets, ne vous fizets pas trop
En aquels gens de barbos grisos,
Car en aquellos † entreprisos
Els ban lou trot & lou galop.*

SIXIEME TRITON

*Vive HENRI ‡ le grand Roy des François
Qui maintenant fait vivre souz ses loix
Les nations de sa Nouvelle-France,
Et souz lequel nous avons esperance
De voir bien-tot Neptune reveré
Autant ici qu'onq'il fut honoré
Par ses sujets sur le Gaullois rivage,
Et en tous lieux où le brave courage
De leurs ayeuls jadis les a porté.
Neptune aussi fera de son côté
Que leurs neveux s'employans sans feintise
A l'ornement de leur belle entreprise,*

Tous

* [En in Edition of 1611-12-18.]

† [Aqueles in Edition of 1618.]

‡ [Henry in Edition of 1618.]

*Tous leurs desseins il favorisera,
Et prosperer sur ses eaux if fera.*

*Cela fait, Neptune s'équarte vn petit pour faire place à vn
canot, dans lequel estoient quatre Sauvages, qui s'ap-
procherent apportans chacun vn present audit sieur de *
Poutrincourt.*

PREMIER SAVVAGE

*Le premier Sauvage offre vn quartier d'Ellan
ou Orignac, distant ainsi.*

*De la part des peuples Sauvages
Qui environnent ces païs
Nous venons rendre les homages
Deuz aux sacrées Fleur-de-lis
Es mains de toy, qui de ton Prince
Representes la Majesté,
Attendans que cette province
Faces florir en pieté,
En moeurs civils, & toute chose
Qui sert à l'establissement
De ce qui est beau, & repose
En vn Royal gouvernement.*

*SAGAMOS, si en nos services
Tu as quelque devotion,
A toy en faisons sacrifices
Et à ta generation.*

*Noz moyens sont vn peu de chasse
Que d'un coeur entier nous t'offrons,*

Et

* [Sieur de missing in 1618 edition.]

*Et vivre toujours en ta grace
C'est tout ce que nous desirons.*

DEVXIEME SAVVAGE

*Le deuxième Sauvage tenant son arc & sa fleche en main,
donne pour son present des peaux de Castors, disant:*

*Voici la main, l'arc, & la fleche
Qui ont fait la mortele breche
En l'animal de qui la peau
Pourra servir d'un bon manteau
(Grand Sagamos) à ta hauteesse.
Reçoy donc de ma petitesse
Cette offrande qu'à ta grandeur
J'offre du meilleur de mon coeur.*

TROISIEME SAVVAGE

*Le troisième Sauvage offre des MATACHIAZ, c'est à dire,
echarpes, & brasselets faits de la main de sa maitresse, disant:*

*Ce n'est seulement en France
Que commande Cupidon,
Mais en la Nouvelle-France,
Comme entre vous, son brandon
Il allume; & des ses flammes
Il rotit nos pauvres ames,
Et fait planter le bourdon.
Ma maitresse ayant nouvelle
Que tu devois arriver,
M'a dit que pour l'amour d'elle
J'eusse à te venir trouver,
Et qu'offrande ie te fisse*

*De ce petit exercice
Que sa main à sceu ouvrir.
Reçoy doncques d'allegresse
Ce present que ie t'adresse
Tout rempli de gentillesse
Pour l'amour de ma maitresse
Qui est ores en detresse,
Et n'aura de liesse
Si d'une prompte vitesse
Ie ne lui di la caresse
Que m'aura fait ta hautesse.*

QVATRIEME SAVVAGE

Le quatrième Sauvage n'ayāt heureusement chassé par les bois, se presente avec vn harpon en main, & apres ses excuses faites, dit qu'il s'en va à la péche.

*SAGAMOS, pardonne moy
Si ie viens en telle forte,
Si me presentant à toy
Quelque present ie n'apporte.
Fortune n'est pas toujours
Aux bons chasseurs favorable,
C'est pourquoy ayant recours
A vn maitre plus traitable,
Après avoir maintefois
Invoqué cette Fortune
Brossant par l'epés des bois,
Ie m'en vay suivre Neptune.
Que Diane en ses forêts
Ceux qu'elle voudra caresse,
Ie n'ay que trop de regrets*

D'avoir

*D'avoir perdu ma jeunesse
A la suivre par les vaux,
Par les monts, & par les plaines,*
Avecque mille travaux,
Souz des esperances vaines.*

*Maintenant ie m'en vay voir
Par cette côte marine
Si ie pourray point avoir
Dequoy fournir ta cuisine:
Et cependant si tu as
Quelque part en ta chaloupe
Vn peu de caraconas,†
Fournis-en moy & ma troupe.*

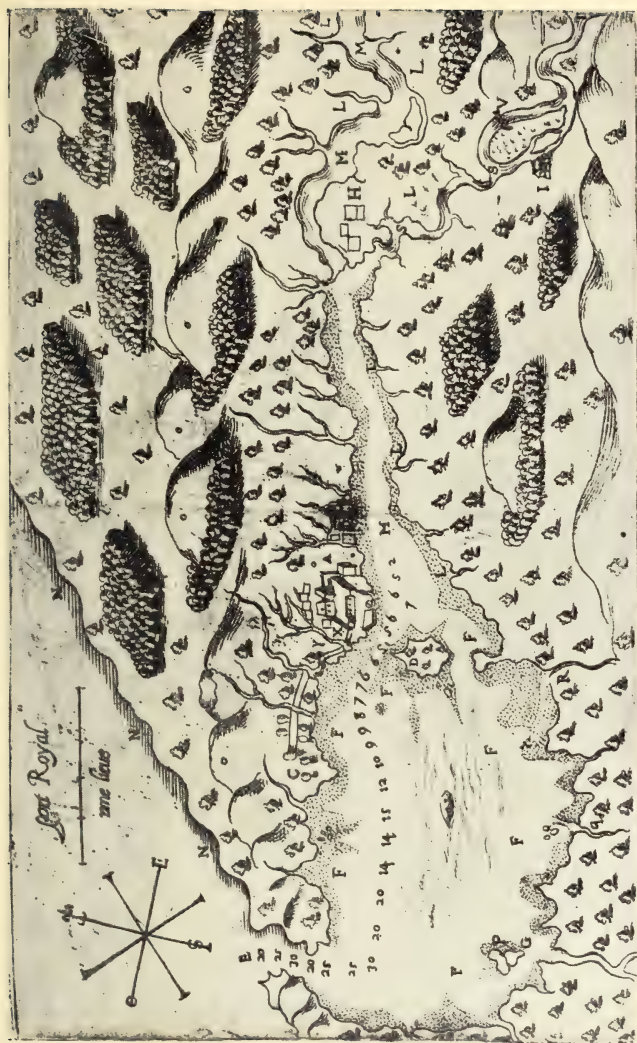
*Après que Neptune eut esté remercié par le sieur de Poutrin-
court de ses offres au bien de la France, les Sauvages le
furent semblablement, de leur bonne volonté & devotion;
& invitez de venir au Fort Royal prendre du caracona.
A l'instant la troupe de Neptune chante en Musique à
quatre parties ce qui qui s'ensuit:*

*Vray Neptune donne nous
Contre tes flots assurance,
Et fay que nous puissions tous
Vn jour nous revoir en France.*

*La Musique achevée, la tompete sonne derechef, & chacun
prend sa route diversement: les Canons bourdonnent de
toutes parts, & semble à ce tōnerre que Proserpine soit
en travail d'enfant: ceci caufé par la multiplicité des*
Echoz

* [This entire line missing in Edition of 1612. The order of lines changes and the word *bois* is substituted for *monts* in Edition of 1618.]

† C'est du pain. [*Caracona* in edition of 1618.]



CHAMPLAIN'S MAP OF PORT ROYAL

Echoz que les côtaux s'envoient les vns aux autres, lesquelz durent plus d'un quart d'heure.

Le Sieur de Poutrincourt arrivé près du Fort Royal, un compagnon de gaillarde humeur qui l'attendoit de pié ferme, dit ce qui s'ensuit.

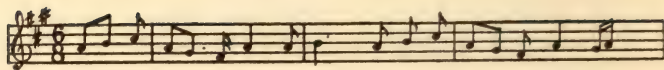
*Après avoir longtemps (Sagamos) désiré
Ton retour en ce lieu, en fin le ciel iré
A eu pitié de nous, & nous monstrant ta face
Il nous fait paroître vne incroyable grace.**

*Sus doncques rotisseurs, depensiers, cuisiniers,
Mettez dessus dessous pots & plats & cuisine,
Qu'on baille à ces gens ci chacun sa quarte pleine,
Ie les voy alterez sicut terra sine aqua.
Garson depeche-toy, baille à chacun son K.
Cuisiniers, ces canars sont ilz point à la broche?
Qu'on tuë ces poulets, que cette oye on embroche,
Voici venir à nous force bons compagnons
Autant deliberez des dents que des roignons.
Entrez dedans, Messieurs, pour vôtre bien-venuë,
Qu'avant boire chacun hautement éternuë,
A fin de decharger toutes froides humeurs
Et remplir voz cerveaux de plus douces vapeurs.*

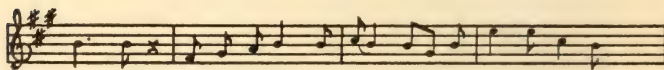
Ie prie le Lecteur excuser si ces rhimes ne sont si bien limées que les hommes delicats pourroient desirer. Elles ont estéfaites à la hate. Mais neâtmoins ie les ay voulu inserer ici, tant pour ce qu'elles servent à nôtre histoire, que pour montrer que nous vivions joyeusement. Le surplus de cette action se peut voir à la fin du chap. 45. liv. 2. de mon Histoire de la Nouvelle-France, pa. 617.

* [Il nous a fait paroître une incroyable grace in Edition of 1611-12.]

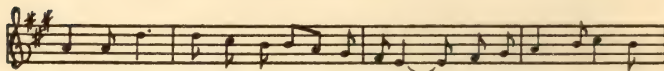
LA PRIÈRE À NEPTUNE



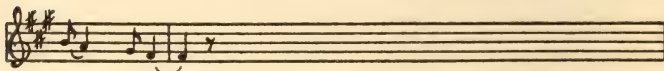
Vray Nep - tu - ne don - ne nous Con-tre tes flots as - seu——



ran - ce, Fay que nous puis-sions tous Un jour nous re-voir en



Fran - ce, Et fay que nous puis-sions tous—— Un jour nous re-voir en



Fran - ce.

This air has been adapted from 'La Petite Galiotte de France,' a song popular in the fifteenth or sixteenth century and sung to-day in Canada. M. Marius Barbeau, of Ottawa, who made the adaptation, considers that in all probability the song was used by Lescarbot, who changed the words to suit the masque.

THE THEATRE OF NEPTUNE
IN NEW FRANCE

THE THEATRE OF NEPTUNE IN NEW FRANCE

Presented upon the waves of Port Royal the fourteenth day of November, sixteen hundred and six, upon the return of Sieur de Poutrincourt from the Armouchiquois country.

Neptune speaks first robed in a veil of blue, with buskins, gray hair and a beard worn long. He holds his trident in his hand and is seated upon his chariot adorned with varied colors. The chariot is drawn over the waves by six Tritons and so they come in state to the side of the shallop in which Sieur de Poutrincourt is sitting with his company ready to leave the boat and go ashore. As the shallop grapples, Neptune speaks as follows.

NEPTUNE

HAIL to you, Sagamos,* rest and remain awhile!
Come, listen to a God who welcomes with a smile!

And if you know me not, great Saturn was my sire,
Brother am I to Jove, and Pluto, God of fire.

Of old the world was held by us in equal part,
Jove rules the windy sky, Pluto the flaming heart,
And I command the sea, the mighty waves my care.
Where deepest danger lurks is my appointed share.
Neptune is my dread name, Neptune, Sea-lord am I,
Most powerful of Gods, beneath the vaulting sky.

If a man has the wish and a will to succeed
The help of Neptune he must make bold to plead,
For he who is house-bound and never will look
Outside, merits chiefly the name of a cook.

I order

* This is a savage word meaning Captain.

I order that the Fleming shall reach the China Sea,
With favoring wind and wave made fortunate through me.
I order that the man who dares my crested heights,
Shall see another pole and unknown, vivid lights.
Or he may cross the borders of the wide and torrid zone,
Where elemental waters steam, deserted and alone.
I led to a French King,* enthroned and jubilant,
The gift from jewelled Persia, of a princely elephant.
And more, without my help, the gallant French gendarmes,
In the countries of the East had never planted arms.
Without my power, the Portuguese, who venture any
 weather,
Were cooped within their coasts, lost to glory altogether,
And the beauties of Aurora had never been unfurled,
To be adored with madness, throughout the foolish world.
In brief, without Neptune, the merchant, pilot, sailor,
Would each remain at home, like a veritable tailor.
And unless he had the power to sail out from his land,
No Prince could succor Prince, his drawn sword in his hand.
For I can part kings widely with the depths of my gray seas,
And you, without Neptune, had never fought with ease
Nor performed your own brave deeds in the terrible French
 war;
Nor had you landed here, after sailing from afar!
It is I, on my wide back, your toy ships have carried,
When your wish to visit me in a little, you have tarried.
I overpowered Fate and won from her dread lip
One hundred guarantees for you and for your ship.

So,

* Charlemagne. [Note to 1618 Edition. In the year 801 Harun-al-Rachid exchanged gifts with Charlemagne.]

So, I will always send good winds to fill your sail.
The day will never dawn when your splendid plans shall
fail.

Fine courage you have had, that has led you to explore
With a bold constancy this strange and fog-bound shore,
That you may here establish a wide realm for France
And carefully may guard my laws from all mischance.

By my sacred trident, by my sceptre, I now swear
That to favor this high project shall be my happy care!
Even though you override me I shall never take my rest,
Until you bring the burden and the toil to my breast,
Of ten thousand busy ships that with noisy hue and cry
Shall carry out your orders in the twinkling of an eye.

Go, then, with happiness, and follow on your way
Where ever fortune leads you, since I foresee the day,
When a prosperous domain you will prepare for France
In this fair, new world and the future will enhance
The glory of de Monts, so too, your name shall ring
Immortal in the reign of Henry — your great king.

Neptune having finished speaking, a trumpet sounds
loudly, to encourage the Tritons to do the same. In the
meantime *Sieur de Poutrincourt* takes his sword in his
hand which he does not replace in the scabbard until
the Tritons have spoken as follows:

FIRST TRITON

By right, great *SAGAMOS*, you name your luck as rare,
Because a fostering god has promised you his aid
In this important work, wherein with dauntless care
And hardy venturing, your conquest bold is made

Over

Over strong Æolus. He, changing and unstable,
Often Adesquides,* at times by envy driven,
To harm you and your friends has found himself unable.

Our powerful Neptune, this jealousy has riven,
And scattered as light smoke, it vanishes on high.
We, Tritons, his postillions, despite Eolian hate,
Triumphantly your courage to outer shores will cry,
Although your fame already has flown through every
state.

SECOND TRITON

If Jupiter is lord of skies
And governs men upon the earth,
On sea, the realm of Neptune lies
With equal part and we by birth
His Tritons are. Our greatest pleasure
And wish to see the hour and day
Your arduous task may bring fair leisure
And your cruise end so glad a way
That these wild coasts, this fragrant land
May long reëcho with the glory
Of proud Neptune! Thus, you shall stand
And place your name in deathless story!

THIRD TRITON

France, with fairest reason
Your praises are in season
For sons whose love and loyal courage
Appear more grandly in our age

Than

* A savage word that signifies Friend.

Than in the centuries of old.
Through eager care and action bold
They seek to honor you and place
In farthest lands, to a strange race,
The codes of your immortal law
That mortal world shall hold in awe.

Then give your help and prospering favor
Unto so wonderful a labor!
Neptune, himself, gives godlike power
To you and yours in this great hour.
No human force can bring you harm
Whatever threat may bring alarm
'For man should never lose or spend
Good fortune that a god shall send.'

FOURTH TRITON

The man who dares not take a chance
Is called a coward, at a glance.
Yet he who with brave heart is born,
Holding the furious waves in scorn,
Who, on high quest, will strive for glory,
Wins all the world to trust the story
That courage and civility
Enforce in him authority.
This man will never wish his name
In silence wrapped and lost to fame.
Thus, Sagamos, your name shall ring
Above the wide seas echoing,
More surely, since beyond the deep
You find an unknown world asleep.

You

You bind thereon the name of France,
Her kingly power and circumstance.

FIFTH TRITON

A Gascon pronounces these verses after his own dialect.

Listen, to what I want to say
About dat high flown God Neptune!
I caught de peacock — t'odder day
Carryin' on lak one dragoon.

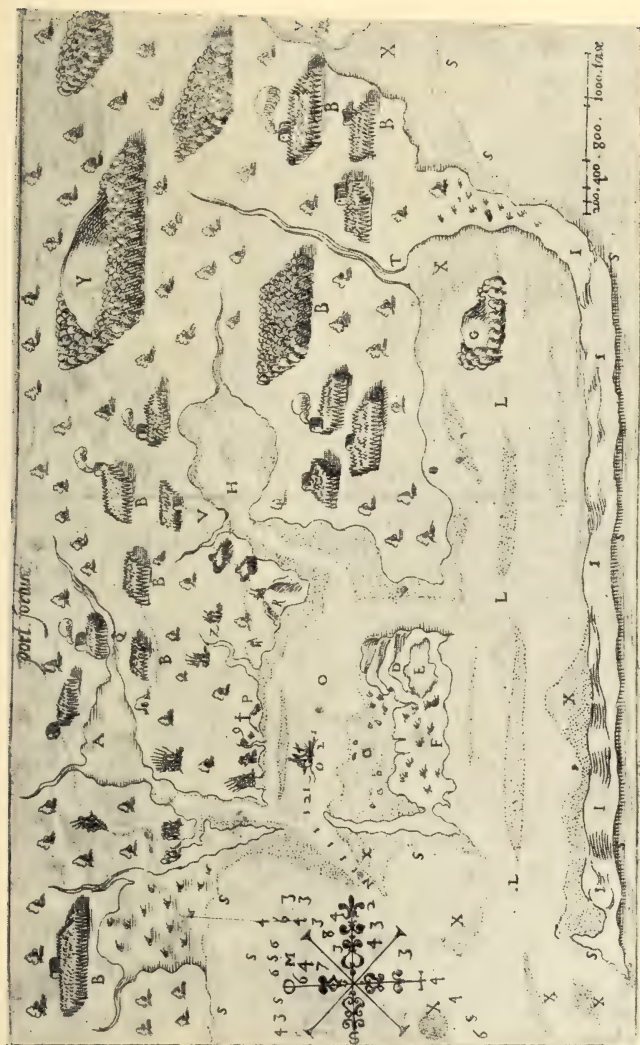
Don't be surprised dat he mak love,
An' kissed one pretty, leetle girl;
Dat he were soft, lak one beeg dove.
Wid hees whole heart he hunt dat pearl.

Look out, you don' trusts too queek,
De peoples wid long beards, all gray;
For in dis game, dey know one treek,
Dey trot one while, den race away.

SIXTH TRITON

Hail, King of France, Henry the Great!
Under your law New France holds her state.
New nations are yours, rich in your name,
And we, the bold Tritons, hope that the fame
Of Neptune, in reverence, here you may hold
High, as when in the days of old
The God was praised and worshipped by all
The dwellers upon the coasts of Gaul;

In



CHAMPLAIN'S MAP OF PORT FORTUNÉ (STAGE HARBOR, CHATHAM, CAPE COD)

In regions where courage and hardiest daring
Called heroes abroad to fearless sea-faring.
These, their descendants, for unselfish labor
Our God will cherish in his special favor
And prosper the end of their splendid emprise
Upon the great waves where his empire lies.

After this, Neptune withdraws a little to give place to a canoe, in which are four Indians who approach, each bearing a present to *Sieur de Poutrincourt*.

FIRST INDIAN

The first Indian offers a quarter of a moose or deer, speaking as follows:

In the name of the peoples uncouth
Whose homeland is bound by their seas,
We come to give our vows, in truth,
Unto the sacred *Fleur-de-lis*
Unfurling from your faithful hand.
You act in princely majesty,
Watchful to tend in this rude land
The habit of sweet piety
And gentler ways, to foster all
That should secure establishment
Of common good, or what may fall
To build a Royal Government.
So, *Sagamos*, in every act
You find us friends, in verity,
And true devotion in our pact
With you and your posterity.
Our little talent in the chase
We beg you use, from hearts entire.

To

To live forever in your grace
Is all our wish, our whole desire.

SECOND INDIAN

The second Indian holding his bow and arrow in hand gives for his present some beaver skins, saying:

Here is the hand, the arrow and bow
That pierced the hide and dealt the blow
Upon this beast, whose furry skin
Shall serve as a coat and wrap therein
Great Sagamos, your lordly self.
Accept, high sir, this woodland pelf
Rifled by one, so low in part.
The humble gift, I offer from my heart.

THIRD INDIAN

The third Indian offers *Matachiaz*,* that is to say, a scarf and bracelets made by the hand of his lady love, saying:

'Tis not alone in France
That Cupidon commands
Throughout this young new France
As in your world he stands
And lights his torch with flame,
To heat our hearts, his game.
So plants he his light wands.
My mistress heard the news that sped
As herald you were to arrive,
For very love of her she pled
That I should find you and contrive

* [*Matachiaz*, an Indian word for porcupine-quill or bead embroidery.]

To offer you her humble duty,
Through this small gift of dainty beauty
Her skilful hand has made alive.

Receive, kind sir, with cheerfulness
This gift to you that I address!
A work all wrought with gentleness,
In courtesy of my mistress.
She would be sad and in distress
And lose her pretty playfulness
If promptly and with nimbleness,
I may not tell her of a kindness
Shown to me, here, your noble highness.

FOURTH INDIAN

The fourth Indian, having been unfortunate in his hunting, presents himself with a harpoon in hand and after his excuses have been made says that he is going to fish.

Sagamos, pardon me,
If before you, here, I stand,
Present, in this company,
With no present in my hand.
Fortune is not always kind
Her good hunters cheering!
For this reason I must find
Another field — I'm fearing.
For, through many useless days
I invoked frail Fortune,
Her wooden swords I toss away
To follow after Neptune.
Let Dian hold in sylvan shade
Those she would caress, in truth,

My

My regrets will never fade
That I lost my lusty youth
And her clumsy cattle chased
Over hills * and near-by plain;
Many a hundred trails I traced
And always found my hopes were vain.

Now, I am about to try
My luck upon this rocky coast.
Perchance upon the shore will lie
Something for your cook to roast.
And now, monseigneur, if you see
Within the locker of your sloop
Some caraconas,† give to me
And I will share it with my troop.

After Neptune had been thanked by Sieur de Poutrincourt for his offers toward the good of France, the Indians were also thanked for their good wishes and devotion, and they were invited to come to Fort Royal and to take bread. At this moment the troupe of Neptune sings in music of four parts the verse that follows.

FOUR PART SONG

Give us your pledge, great God Neptune,
Against wild ocean arrogance.
And grant us all, as your high boon
That we may meet again in France.

The

* [The Edition of 1618 has the word *bois* (woods) for *monts* (hills).]

† That is, bread. [This custom of bread-giving was first observed by Lescarbot at Canso in 1606.]



POUTRINCOURT'S MEN SURPRISED BY THE SAVAGES AT PORT FORTUNÉ
From Champlain's Voyages (1613)

The music having finished, the trumpets sounded again and each man took his several way. The cannons broke forth on all sides and it seemed as though Proserpine were in birth pangs for her child. This effect was caused by the innumerable echoes sent back against one another from these hills and which continued for a quarter of an hour. The *Sieur de Poutrincourt* having arrived before *Fort Royal* habitation, a companion in a merry mood who was waiting for him patiently, spoke as follows:

Sagamos, the days of loneliness are past.

An angry heaven ordains your safe return at last,
And with relenting pity has shown to us your face,
Dispersing all our care with kind, surprising grace.
Come, then, chefs, cooks, and boys — all you who make
good cheer.

Scullions and pastry cooks, let soup and roast appear,
Ransack the kitchen shelves, fill every pot and pan
And draw his own good portion * for every eager man!
I see the men are thirsty, SICUT TERRA, SINE AQUA
Come, hurry boy, and pour for each his beaded measure.
Bestir yourselves, be brisk. Are the ducks on the spit?
What fowl have lost their heads? The goose, who cares
for it?

Hither have sailed to us a band of comrades rare;
Let portions and their hunger be matched with equal care.
Enter within, messires, your welcome gaily seize,
Let each man drain his cup! Let each man strongly sneeze!
That never a frosty humor his person may contain
And only sweetest vapors may crowd his merry brain.

I ask

* [The portion was three pints per person.]

I ask the reader to excuse these rhymes if they are not as well polished as a well-bred man would wish. They were made in haste. But nevertheless I have a wish to insert them here because they serve as a part of our history and to show that we lived joyously. The further part of the action may be seen at the end of Chapter 16, book 4, of my 'History of New France.'

